The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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A Quarrel.

THERE'S a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun.
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done;
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.—*Sel.*

SPEAK a shade more kindly
Than the year before;
Pray a little oftener;
Love a little more;
Cling a little closer
To the Father's love:
Life below shall liker grow
To the life above.

O! many a mark at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound the heart that's broken.

"IF you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere."

Who Got Theo His Place.

THE pay is forty dollars a month, and a good youth is sure of promotion. The place is now vacant because the lad your partner sent us, and who filled it worthily a year, is now placed where he gets eighty dollars a month. So we'll trust you to choose his successor."

This was addressed by a busy railroad man to a city lawyer, who replied, "There is my friend's son Urban Starr; his father spoke to me about employment for him. He is rather above the place, as to talent, but the young must start on the low rounds of the ladder. I'll see about proposing him."

"Thank you. I'll be doubly obliged if you'll take him up and see him accepted." And he hurried away.

To this conversation there had been a deeply-interested but sad-hearted listener — Theodore Young, the faithful office boy, who longed with unspeakable desire for such a place as the one described. He was the eldest child of a widowed mother whom he yearned to help, and forty dollars a month seemed wealth to the boy. When the railroad man left, the lawyer turned to Theo, saying:

"Here, Theo, though it isn't your work, won't you note the date of these letters, and file them away in order, while I write a letter for you to take up to Mr. Starr?" Theo attended carefully to the papers, and waited for the letter. When it was handed to him, he asked, with trembling earnestness, "Do you think, sir, there is, or may be any place at the railroad shops which I could fill, and for which you could venture to recommend me? I would begin very low, and work

hard to deserve promotion, and perhaps in time I might get such a place as this for Urban Starr."

"How can we spare our good, trusty Theo? But I own it is too bad to keep you here. If Urban consents to apply, when I go with him you may go too, and I will ask about some place for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried Theo; and he was so glad that he ran instead of walking on his errand. A few hours later found Urban and Theo waiting in an anteroom, while the lawyer made known his business to the railroad official, who replied, "Oh, yes; thank you for bringing him. The last boy your firm sent us was a treasure, and we don't need to raise questions about this one; yet there is one absolutely essential thing that I will mention. Of course you know this young man, like the last, to be strictly temperate, total abstinence, pledged and practiced?"

"No, sir; I do not; but on the contrary, while my friend Mr. Starr is a temperate man, he is not one of the 'total' kind. There is wine for his guests at New Year's, and Urban takes his glass with the rest."

"Excuse me, but he won't do for our employ then. Total abstinence principles and habits are our first requirements."

"He is no drunkard. Perhaps if you see him you will think he has qualifications of value to you."

"It is useless for us even to see him, since we desire one who has been from childhood voluntarily total abstinence."

"Very well. Good morning! Oh, I had forgotten another matter; there is a good lad here with me—our own office boy—for whom I promised to ask if you have any place ever coming vacant, into which you could put him, with a prospect of future promotion. He is trusty, capable, and willing; writes a good hand, is quick at figures."

"How about the total abstinence?"

"Oh, *he* is square on that; signed the pledge when a child. Never took the first glass of wine. Regards it with superstitious horror."

"Send him up, if you please; we would like to talk with him."

Theo came back to the lawyer's office radiant with joy, exclaiming, "They say I'm just the one they want for the place. It is all right? Don't Urban want it?"

"It is all right, Theo. Please remember when you are a railroad president that you owe your success to me."

This occurred several years ago, and Theo has now a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, with the esteem and confidence of all who know him; while Urban is intemperate, out of employment, and a grief to his parents.

Recently Theo said to his friend, the lawyer, "I do not forget that I owe my succes in life to you."

"Oh, no," replied the lawyer, "you owe it to a better friend, named Total Abstinence."—*Sel.*

A Runaway Boy.

It was John Somers. I have told you about John Somers before. He is the boy who didn't behave in Sunday school, and who smoked a cigar, and my mother told me not to play with him.

I don't, but he goes to my school, and of course I can't help seeing him sometimes. The other day at recess he called me one side and showed me a whole handful of money—silver and bills.

"Sixteen dollars!" he said.

I asked where he got it, and he told me out of the old man's money-box. I think it is wrong to call your father "the old man." John Somers doesn't. He thinks it smart.

I asked him if he didn't call that stealing. He begun to get mad at that. Said he had earned twice as much chopping wood and doing errands, and his mother said he ought to be paid. Now, it is a fact that John's mother lets him do a great many things his father won't. Still, I don't believe she would want him to take money.

After a while he told me what he meant to do. He was going to buy a pistol, and go out West, hunting lions and tigers, and he offered to take me with him. He asked if I had read the book he gave me about Warrior Jim, and if I wouldn't like to do brave deeds like him. I had not read the book because mother saw it and burned it up, but I told him I had studied geography enough to know that lions and tigers didn't live out West. Then he talked about Indians and gold mines and diamonds till I laughed right in his face.

"Don't you want to join me and become a great man and a hero?" said he.

"No, I don't," I answered.

"Well then, baby, don't blab."

It always seemed to me sort of mean to tell tales. Still, I didn't know but I ought to let his

folks know. Before I'd made up my mind, we heard he'd gone. Then I told mother, and she told Mrs. Somers. The poor woman was almost crazy about her darling Johnnie, but Mr. Somers wouldn't let any body go after him or do a thing about it.

He was gone two days. The second night there was an awful thunder-storm. I know John is afraid of thunder and lightning, even if he is a boy, and I guess he didn't find his pistol much help then.

Next day he came home. He was hungry and wet and dirty, and did not look at all like a hero. He had bought a watch with a part of his money, and lost it. He had not seen a single lion or Indian, but he had been chased by a dog and had slept in a shed. Gold mines and diamonds he didn't say much about.

Mrs. Somers was glad enough to see him back. I suppose his father was, too, but he didn't show it in just the same way. Grandpa says his father's punishment did him more good than his mother's kisses. Anyway, he has behaved better since he came back, whichever helped him.

Lately he hasn't said anything about running away so as to make himself a great man and a hero; and his father won't let him read papers and story-books like the one he gave me.—*S. S. Advocate.*

For the Myrtle.

How to be Happy.

I will give you one or two good rules which may help you to become happier then you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The First is, "Try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My Second rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

"Look up hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn."

A. HARRY BARKER.

TO KNOW how to listen is a great art. It is to know how to gain instruction from every one.

A Cat Story.

A family in one of the outskirts of London were a great deal annoyed by the frequent robbery of their larder, a small out-house behind their dwelling. Legs of lamb and other articles were devoured or carried off, and no one could tell how. The theft was a mystery. One of the servants determined to discover the delinquent. She accordingly watched, and one night found that the thieves were a set of cats belonging to the neighborhood. The larder had a latch which had to be pressed down in opening the door. No cat could properly press it down by springing from the ground. There was, however, an adjoining wall, from which cats might leap and risk the depression of the latch as they successively passed. This was what they did: they leaped from the wall, one after the other, each trying to depress the latch as it passed, until one cat, more fortunate than the others, made the needful depression with its paw. The door immediately was opened; and a leg of mutton, which had been the object of seige, was secured, and eaten all but the bones.—*Sel.*

I Could Obey.

Some gentlemen were one day setting out on a dangerous excursion, when the son of one of them was seized with a desire to accompany his father. He pleaded hard to be taken. "Why, my boy, of what use could you be?" returned the father. "What could you do?" "I could obey," was the little fellow's ready answer. It was a great argument in his favor. A person who can do simply as he is told is always useful to one accustomed to command. The little boy won his way, and proved of the greatest service to the little party, in a great many ways his father had not thought of.

A STORY is told of an abbot who wanted to buy a field near his monastery. The owner would not sell it; but at last he consented to lease it for the growth of one crop. The abbot planted it with acorns. With oaks growing on it, he was sure of it as long as he and his fraternity might want it. Satan outwits good people sometimes in similar style. He gets the first planting of children's hearts, and he has them for life.

ENJOY present pleasure in such a way as not to injure future ones.

For the Myrtle.

Sharing.

IT is something to have
Of this bounty so nice,
Enough to give each of my
Comrades a slice.

For the blessing, which is
Every blessing above,
Is the blessing of giving
To those that we love.

E. M. B.

An Object in Life.

We all require an object in life, something to live for, to work for, to aim after; something that will arouse our ambition, awaken our dormant energies, inspire love, and so keep mind, body, and heart in healthy exercise. The most miserable people in the world are those who have little or nothing to do. Busy folks have no time to nurse small grievances; and there is no medicine like work to heal the wounds that disappointment or sorrow have made.

Boys and girls who start out with no object in life but "to have a good time," will soon come to the end of their career, and die as the fool dieth. We should all aspire to have some worthy object on which to expend our talents; something that will elevate us and improve our moral and physical condition.

Our main object in life should be to do the will of our heavenly Father. We are put into the world for that purpose, and if we pursue evil instead of good we need not expect to go unpunished. Having set out with the determination to be a Christian, we find our eyes and our understanding opened as we go along, and are never at a loss for something to do. An idle Christian is a contradiction in terms.

Having put on this armor, we are next to study the occupation for which we are best fitted, and to prepare ourselves daily for the position we hope to fill. It may be our lot to serve in lowly places, and in some way our ambition may be thwarted so that we cannot carry out the desire of our heart. Well, all this is known to God, and if we look around we find something to live for, something that will give wholesome occupation to the mind, and prevent the thoughts from dwelling too much upon self.

It is easy to distinguish those who have an object in life, from those who have nothing in particular to do, and who expend their energies in an effort to kill time.

"Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain."

—*Sel.*

If you cannot be a good river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the wayside of life, singing merrily all the day and night, and giving joy and comfort to every weary one passing by.

For the Myrtle.

Diogenes and the King.

DIOGENES, a philosopher of the East, thought he could become a wiser man, and cherish better and more worthy thoughts, if he went away from the company of other men, and lived entirely alone by himself.

He did not believe in luxuries, or worldly vanities, and he would not therefore live in a house. He crept into an old tub which had been cast away as worthless, and there spent his days and nights, being fed by charity or, sometimes, suffering both from hunger and cold.

He could say very wise things, and many people went out to visit him.

One day the king paid a visit to the philosopher. He thought that Diogenes would do homage to him, as king, as other men did, but the old man in the tub was quite indifferent to the dignitaries of this world, and he paid no more attention to the king than if he had been a common man.

The king knowing that it was in his power to confer any possible favor which might be asked, thought that any man as poor and uncomfortable as Diogenes seemed to be, would be glad to have such princely gifts as he was able to bestow; said to him.

"What can I do for you my poor man?"

Diogenes replied simply.

"Please stand out of my sunlight."

This was all that the simple minded man asked of his king, who could have given him any earthly blessing.

Neither silver, nor gold, nor precious stones: neither place nor power nor worldly honor did he covet.

His only desire was that he should be left alone to his great thoughts, with God's sunshine falling unobstructed upon him. E. M. B.

Prairie Life.

No. 3.

IRRIGATING.

For months papa and the man have been working at "the ditch" to get it ready to bring the water to us when the dry weather comes.

It rained enough to bring up the seeds this year: Every thing was ready and they let the water come down. Way up near the mountains men had taken out a big canal and this brings the water to the farms and each owner can have his share let into his private lateral. What fun the children had! They would start the water down the long rows of corn and potatoes and run along with it and pull the sods and lumps of dirt out of its way with their hoes and let it pass on. They pulled off their shoes and stockings and paddled in the water all they wanted to for once. How the thirsty plants drank up the moisture and how fresh and bright they grew. Little fish come down in the water and sometimes big ones. We often pick up enough for dinner that are flopping in the nearly dried hollows where the water has carried them. The wild flowers grow in great abundance on the ditch banks and it is a pretty sight to see them there against the brown prairie. The water brings us bad things as well as good. Seeds of weeds get scattered in the water and in that way are spread all over the farm. The wild cattle, the antelope and our own creatures come to the ditch to drink.

Eight antelope's came there one day, and it is quite near the house.

After drinking, the pretty creatures speed away like the wind. H. H. D.

A GREAT lie is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it can not hurt you. You have only to keep still and it will die of itself.

Birds.

A pair of robins once chose for their abode a small cottage, which, though not actually inhabited, was constantly used as a store-house for potatoes, harness, and other things, and was repeatedly visited by its owners. It closely adjoined a large blacksmith's shop; but neither the noise of the adjacent forge nor the frequent visits of the owners of the cottage deterred these fearless settlers.

The robins entered through a window-frame, the lattice of which had been removed; and in a child's covered cart, which, with its horse attached to it, was hanging on a peg over the fireplace, and just afforded space for the purpose, they built their first nest early in the spring.

The circumstance was observed, and soon became an object of curiosity to the neighbors, many of whom came to look at the nest. These inquisitive visits, however, had not the effect of alarming the birds, who have reared without accident their first brood.

When the attention of the parents was no longer needed by their full-fledged offspring, they set about providing for another family, and built their second nest on a shelf on the opposite side of the room, close to an old mouse-trap. Here again they received visits of inquiry from bipeds of a larger growth, and reared and dismissed their progeny.

This second brood had no sooner left than they again betook themselves to the task of building a third nest under the same sheltering roof. For this purpose they chose another shelf, in a different corner of the same room. In their mossy bed, on a bundle of papers, in the month of June, were four half-fledged nestlings, which the hen was feeding while a party was watching the proceeding, the cock bird contenting himself looking on from the outside.

There was no doubt that the same pair of birds belonged to each successive nest, as the loss of her tail rendered the hen conspicuous.—*Sel.*

A LITTLE five-year-old boy, who had seen a peacock for the first time, ran into the house, exclaiming to his sister, "O Lizzie! I've seen a great, big, monstiferous tail walking round, with a hen tied to it!"

This nation is spending more money for intoxicating drink than for all the bread it eats, all the clothes it wears, all the books it reads, all the churches it has built.

SELECTIONS FOR A S. S. CONCERT.

If We Try.

We can learn a useful lesson
From a single drop of dew,
For it sparkles to remind us
How to make our whole life true.
We should never waste our moments;
They are passing quickly by;
To improve them is a duty—
We can do it, if we try.

Let us drop a gentle warning
By the way-side, as we go,
And perhaps the germ of kindness
In a careless heart may grow:
Let our seed be sown at morning,
For the night is drawing nigh;
There's a harvest for the faithful—
We may share it, if we try.

As the bee is never idle,
And the brook is never still,
In the pleasant field of labor
There's a place we all may fill;
We should never waste our moments;
They are passing quickly by;
To improve them is a duty—
We can do it, if we try.

The Dark.

Where do the little chickens run
When they are made afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark—the shade.
Under the mother's downy wing
They have no fear of anything.

Where do the little violets creep
When comes the time of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep
And wait for spring; they go
Under the ground where storms can't reach,
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, dear girl or boy,
Afraid of the dark of death;
Jesus will raise you, full of joy,
To the world of light, he saith:
And where the little violets sleep,
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

Virtue is something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

"Even This Shall Pass Away."

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys from the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these;
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say,
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "O loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day—
Even this shall pass away.

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he, with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then in answer to the king
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away."

Nothing Lost.

No corner is in God's round world
Where one may hide himself away;
The winds through all its spaces search,
Through all its shadows flits the day.

A wild rose trembling o'er a brook,
In thickest dusk of tangled shade,
Spied by some artist's eye may charm
The world in hues that never fade.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

233.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 15, 16, 17 is a conjunction.
My 12, 25, 3 is a fowl.
My 17, 15, 21 is used in a river.
My 5, 15, 11 is an animal.
My 19, 15, 20 horses eat in winter.
My 9, 15, 3, 16, 8 is a girl's name.
My 13, 15, 26, 18, 19 is round.
My 24, 22, 3, 4, 14 is commendable.
My 7, 4, 25 is a tool.
My 1, 10, 6 is worn on the head.
My 3, 2 is the opposite of yes.
My 23, 13, 15, 14 falls from the eye.

G. Frank Ricker.

234.—ANAGRAM.

Eth odLr illw ton sorfkea em ni het miet fo beutrlo.

Marjorie Wellington.

235.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 18, 12, 3 we do with our eyes.
My 19, 20, 27, 37, 9 is the opposite of an honest man.
My 35, 17, 4, 5 is a life partner.
My 39, 14, 26, 40 not here.
My 11, 27, 7, 23 is to rent.
My 2, 8, 24 is what a glutton is sometimes called.
My 32, 23, 34, 22 is part of a door.
My 7, 23, 38 is a color.
My 13, 25, 29, 11, 10 is opposite of dark.
My 30 is a vowel.
My 16, 21, 33, 19, 17, 18, 10 works on teeth.
My 19, 15, 5, 12 grows.
My whole is in Proverbs. *Nellie Sheldon.*

236.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant: A common drink: To happen: Is suitable to: Defensive arms for the body: A wager: A consonant.

237.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 4, 9, 10, 11 is to fly.
My 16, 7, 2 is an animal.
My 3, 10 is a conjunction.
My 15, 6 is an exclamation.
My 8 is the one spoken to.
My 12, 13 is a pronoun.
My 14, 1, 5 is obtained.
My whole is in Psalms. *Lura Sheldon.*

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a three legged dog like a steep hill.
Because it is a slope up (slow pup.) M. F.

226.—ENIGMA.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well.

227.—ANAGRAM.

Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain.

228.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

We ought to give thanks to God.

229.—ENIGMA.

Study your Sunday school lesson.

230.—ANAGRAM.

I never knew a disobedient boy or girl who became either good or great.

231.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.

232.—ENIGMA.

The Lord liveth.

OUR HARVESTERS.

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